UNCLE OWEN'S WIFE

By COL. JOHN R. MUSICK.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MARBLE FACE AGAIN.

Teaching a district school is more or less monotonous. There are men and women who seem born to the work, and who enjoy it. Malina could have enjoyed her life among these country people had she not been continually annoyed, and harassed with strange doubts and fears. The dread of detection kept her in a constant state of agitation. Unconsciously Malina had taken the best means possible to conceal herself. The large rewards and descriptions of the woman accused of murder were in the city papers. Detectives and officers were ransacking the cities and towns, while she was living quietly and securely in this rural district. She had almost begun to hope she would never be found, and but for Tom Turner's persistent wooing might have lived in comparative comfort.

But Tom was not one to yield. When she told him emphatically she could never be his wife, he looked stupidly on the ground, and at last blurted out with:

"Wall, what's th' matter o' me bein' yer nigger, then?"

"My slave, Tom?"

"Yes."

"I could not consent to that. I think too much of you to permit you to be my slave."

Then Tom stupidly stared at the earth again and growled:

"I'd like to be yer somethin'."

"Well, Tom, be my friend," she said, taking the hard, rough hand in her own soft, warm palm. "Be my friend, and I will be yours and let us be as happy as we can."

Tom, with another far-away look, remarked:

"Wall, since I can't be nuthin' better, I'd like to be yer friend, but 'taint much consolation to be nuthin' but a friend, when you go off an' marry some other feller."

"Tom, I will never marry."

This seemed to give the unfortunate fellow some relief. He was a devoted friend. Though he had engaged to work for "Uncle Benny Allen," as the farmer was known, he spent most of his time hovering about the school house. He was nearly always at the door when school was dismissed, and insisted on carrying her lunch basket for her. It was a very diminutive basket, but he had some excuse for being on hand to take it.

One afternoon as the two were walking leisurely along the wooded road half choked with leaves blighted by the Autumn frosts, Tom glanced behind them and said:

"Miss Benton, I believe I saw him agin just then."

"Saw whom?" she asked, her face suddenly growing deathly white.

"Dun know who he is, but it was a feller back behind a tree over the hill, an' he looked just like a curious chap I met last night when I was acoming from your house. He wuz the oddest critter I ever seed in my life."

"What was he like?"

"His face wuz white like marble an' he had the biggest, blackest eyes an' the longest, blackest hair an' whiskers ye ever saw."

She stopped short, while her brain reeled, and she seemed in the act of falling.

"Has my enemy found me out?" she thought. "Where did you see him, Tom?"

"In the road, watchin' yer house, an' when I went an' asked him what he war up to, why, he jist turned about an' slunk away like a whipped dog."

"Did he make you no answer?"

"No."

"Tom, that man is watching me."

"I reckon he was, Miss Benton."

"Tom, I must know what that man is doing. I want to know why he is shadowing me."

"I'll go an' ask him," and Tom wheeled about and started toward the hill.

"Come back; where are you goin'?"

"Gwine ter see what that feller's up to, an' pound the everlastin' stuffin' out o' him ef he don't quit it."

"No, no; don't say a word to him. Have nothing to do with him," said Malina.

"Don't ye want me to go an' welt thunder out o' that man, Miss Benton?" Tom asked when they stopped at the gate.

"No."

"Is he a friend o' yourn?"

"No."

Tom felt inexpressible relief in the knowledge, and said as he went away:

"Now 'f he goes to botherin' you any, why, just let me know, an' I'll go an' welt thunder out o' him."

"Thank you, Tom. I know I can depend on you, but do that man no harm, and pay no attention to him, unless he forces his attentions on you."

Tom promised to obey her instructions, and went away.

That night the moon was shining brightly, brilliantly illuminating the landscape and broad wagon path running through a forest of oaks. She saw standing in that road the form of a man. Like a bird of ill omen he stood facing her. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his marble face was fixed on the window at which she stood. He saw her and seemed by some irresistable power to draw her to him.

Poor, frightened Malina slipped down by the rear stairway and hastened to the road. Like a marble statue the man stood, his fiery black eyes fixed upon her, and that awful marble face seeming to glow with the triumph of a fiend.

"Go away!" she whispered: "what do you want here, monster! Do you not know that an innocent man is to suffer death for your murder?"

With a low, husky laugh the tall fiend replied: "Let him hang. He would have killed me if he could."

"I will warn them myself," she cried; "I will tell them you live."

"If you do so, you will tell the Sheriff where he can find you. A certain lady died mysteriously and you are wanted"——

Malina uttered a shriek and buried her face in her hands.

"What do you want here with me?" she gasped.

"I want money," the gambler answered. "I am forbidden to do work until the fellow hangs, and I need money."

"I have none."

"You can get it. A letter from you to old Redgrave will bring a good big check. You are a woman of business, and understand me."

"Never, never, never: I will die on the scaffold first," cried Malina, wheeling about and running into the house.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TOM TURNER AND THE DETECTIVES.

La Flore laughed as she disappeared in the house.

"She will get it," he said. "She will write for it and get it."

"Yes, an' I'll be derned ef you don't git it," said a low voice that quivered with rage. Tom Turner had heard every word of the interview, and though mysteries enveloped the woman he loved he was in a rage at the cold, insulting threat of this monster in human form. "Take that!" cried the angry youth. La Flore was taken by surprise, and even his skill and activity could not dodge the well-directed sledge-hammer blow from the young farmer's fist, which struck him square on his face and stunned him.

With an oath La Flore tried to draw his dagger, but the youth followed up the advantage he had gained too quickly for the gambler to succeed. He struck him two or three more blows so rapidly that they sent him in a heap at the roadside.

In a moment Tom had the dagger, and with one knee on the chest of the scoundrel raised the glittering weapon over his head to plunge it in his throat.

"Look here," said Tom. "I don't want to be hung fur killin' a dog, an' if ye'll swear before Godalmighty that you'll leave, an' never come here or bother Miss Benton agin, I'll let ye go an' spare yer life."

La Flore could do no better than promise, and Tom, after taking his pistols from him, let him rise.

"Now git—skedaddle, an' don't ye look behind ye till yer forty-eleven miles out o' Kaintucky."

As long as La Flore was in sight of the angry Kentuckian, he was obeying orders to the strict letter of the law. Tom Turner was in a fury.

"I orter kill that feller yit," he declared. "I orter jist foller him up an' shoot him; but, no, I don't want to be hung fur shootin' a dog. Thar's a pile o' mystery about this case anyhow, an' I be hanged ef I kin see to the bottom of it. Seems as if she's the wife o' somebody and she ain't Miss Benton at all. Now, may be, after all, she had some good excuse fur not marryin' me. Don't make no difference; I promised ter be her friend, an' I'll be hanged if I don't."

Next day as Tom was wandering through the wood near the school house he discovered two horsemen riding along the narrow path toward him.

"Hello, young man," said one as they drew near, "do you belong in these parts?"

"No; some o' these parts belong to me," Tom answered.

"What is your name?"

"Turner."

"Oh, yes; Mr. Turner, do you know many people in this country?"

"Yes, I know a considerable o' 'em."

"May be you are just the man we want to talk with, Mr. Turner. We want to talk with some one who knows everybody, and who is intelligent, and can talk with us about the country and the people."

"AS LONG AS LA FLORE WAS IN SIGHT OF THE ANGRY KENTUCKIAN HE WAS OBEYING ORDERS."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, hacking at the stump beside which he had halted, with his ax.

"We want to make some investments in the country, and we want to know considerable about the people and the lands."

"Wall," drawled Tom carelessly, "some people are purty good an' some ain't; some of the land is fust rate an' some ain't wuth nuthin'."

"You are the very man we want to talk with. When can we see you?"

"Right now, I reckon."

"We can't talk here now. Could you come to the village; it's only four miles away?"

"I mought."

The gentleman leaned a little farther over in his saddle and said: "Young man, there may be more in this for you than you imagine."

Tom raised his eyes with a look of astonishment toward the face of the horseman, and gave him a look of mute inquiry.

"Yes, sir; we mean just what we say; there is money in this for some one, and you had as well have it as any. Don't you like money?"

"Wall, yes," drawled Tom stupidly. "I reckin' I like it 'bout as well as the next un; ye want me to do suthin?"

"Yes, or rather give us some information."

"When d' yer want me?"

"Well, say, to-night, right after supper."

"All right. Say, whar ye gwine?" called Tom as the horsemen started in the direction of the school-house.

"To Pendleton."

"Ye'll go a mighty sight out o' the way if ye go that way," said the rustic. "Come with me an' I'll show ye a nigher way," and they followed Turner who led them around a ridge and sent them to Pendleton by a road not within two miles of the school house.

When Tom had them fairly on their way he hastened back in the direction of the school house.

"I don't like 'em," he muttered. "Them fellers don't seem to be very honest, an' I'll bet they're lyin' about wantin' land."

He reached the school house just as Malina was closing and locking the door. Her pupils had already gone scampering away among the brown-leaved trees, like a flock of gray partridges.

"Miss Benton," said Tom as they started homeward. "I promised ye I would be yer friend, an' stick to ye through thick an' thin, didn't I? Now, I'm goin' to do it, I don't keer what happens, an' I don't keer what has happened. I want ye to promise me one thing, an' that is if ye git in trouble, ye'll depend on me."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Do you fancy that some danger threatens me?"

"I dun know; it may an' it may not."

At the farm house, Tom struck his sharp ax into a log, and leaning on the gate post said:

"I'll not go in ternight, Miss Benton. Say, I'd like yer 'd make more'n a friend out o' me; can't ye make me a brother, a cousin, ur somethin' o' that kind, so I would hev a right ter look after ye all the time?"

Malina smiled. "Do you think I need a constant guard? What do you know that points to my danger?"

Lowering his voice Tom said: "I hope you'll forgive me, Miss Benton, but 'tother night when that cuss with th' marble face wuz here talkin' to ye, I heered every word. Now, I warn't a eavesdroppin', but war watchin' ye, to see no harm come to ye. I don't understand et all, but I know enough ter know yer in a peck o' trouble, an' that villain is th' cause o' most o' et. I jist amost knocked the everlastin' stuffin' out o' him, an' got his knife an' pistol an' made him strike fur tall timber."

She listened to the story with blanched cheek and parted lips. At last she managed to gasp:

"Tom, Tom, you did very wrong. That was so wrong."

"But I heered him a talkin' to ye, an' couldn't stand it."

"I fear you will make it worse for me."

"Jist what I was afeered on, Miss Benton. Pap allers allowed I wuz sich a cussed fool I'd make a mess o' everything I ever undertook in my life; wall pap was mighty nigh right, I reckin', but I want ter tell ye mor'n that. I may be a fool in some things—givin' that chalk-faced cuss a lickin' fur one—but when I met two strangers goin' toward the school house I had sense enough to turn 'em off on another road."

"Two men," she asked, her face growing once more pale. "Who were they?"

"Dun know."

"Did they want to see me?"

"Didn't say they did; said they wanted to talk to me about land, but, humph, I knowed they wuz a-lyin'. Now, I'm agoin' ter-night ter see what they do want."

"Tom, won't you come and tell me?" she asked eagerly.

"Now, that's jist what I thought. I said ter myself I'll git outter 'em all they've got ter say an' slip over here an' tell ye."

"Tom, Tom, you are really my friend. You may be able to do me a great service yet."

"I thought I'd come an' ax ye about it," said Tom, "an' then I'd go an' do whatever ye thot best."

"Go and talk with those men, Tom, or listen to what they say, but tell them nothing about me. Be very shrewd and gain all the information you can from them."

"D'ye think it's you they are after?"

"I know it," she answered. "I know they are after me; but who they are, and what their motive is I can't say. They must be officers who have tracked me down."

Tom Turner shouldered his ax and went to Pendleton. As he passed the home of Uncle Benny Allen he stopped long enough to stick his ax in a log of wood, where he left it, and hurried to the village.

By the time he reached the village it was quite dark, and he went at once to the hotel where the two men were stopping, and went to their room.

"Hello, here's our friend from the woods," said one of the men. "Come in; let me see, your name is Turner, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," Tom growled.

"Well, would you like to make a good pile of money without much work?"

"Yes."

"We want some information, and we are willing to pay well for it. You are a poor man, and in need of money, and we will pay you if you will help us find what we want."

"What's it about—land?" he asked.

"No; a woman."

Tom looked stupid, and asked: "What woman?"

"Look here, my good fellow, we will tell you our business, and if you will help us catch a criminal we will give you $50."

Tom was more stupefied than before, and the speaker, who was an oily-tongued fellow, continued: "The woman we want to capture is Mrs. Owen Redgrave."

"Never heerd o' her," interrupted Tom.

"May be you never did under that name. But let me proceed," and he then told Tom the story of Malina's trouble, fixing up to suit himself. "Mrs. Redgrave is young and pretty, and came to this neighborhood and began teaching school," he concluded.

"Did she?"

"Yes, and changed her name to Nellie Benton."

"Taint so," cried Tom quickly. "Thar ain't a word o' truth in it."

"Why, how do you know?"

"Because I know Nellie Benton just as well as anyone, an' know she ain't the woman that would murder."

"But may be you don't know her well."

"I do," cried Tom, "an' et won't be good fur anyone to accuse her o' murder." Tom was beginning to lose his temper and shrewdness at the same time.

"You know Miss Benton," said the man.

"Yes, middlin' well."

"What kind of a looking person is she?"

"Purty as a pictur'."

"Her hair?"

"Yaller like gold."

"Her eyes?"

"Brown."

"That answers the description o. Mrs. Redgrave," said the detective, glancing over his book.

"Wall, she ain't, an' let me tell you fellers ye'd better not monkey around her if you know which side o' your bread's buttered."

"We will look after that. Does she talk much?"

"No."

"Go anywhere but to school."

Tom realized that, after all his shrewdness, they were gaining from him the information they wished, and cried:

"It's none o' yer blamed business."

The detective turned to his companion and said:

"Carl, we'll go there at once and arrest her, for I know she's the woman."

"I'll be —— if ye do!" cried Tom. Leaping to his feet and seizing the chair, he knocked the detective down; the other drew a pistol, but Tom with one post of the broken chair quickly struck it from his hand, stooping picked it up and leaped to the door. "Go anear that gal, dern ye, an' I'll blow yer liver out," he cried, slamming the door behind him.

A key was in the lock, and he had presence of mind enough to lock the door, put the key in his pocket and hurry down the stairway as fast as he could run.

CHAPTER XXX.

MALINA'S ESCAPE.

Malina was sitting in her room, pale, anxious with tear-stained cheeks and anxious, with tear-stained cheeks and clasped hands. She raised the window and looked out.

The moon just rising over the hill fell on the white, anxious face of Tom Turner.

"I must come up thar an' tell ye somethin' mighty quick," whispered Tom.

"There is a ladder by the old apple tree," she answered in a whisper. "Place it against the wall and come up."

Tom obeyed her instructions and was soon in her room.

"What has happened, Tom?" she asked.

"Misses Redgrave," he began, "I know all about et now. They told me about you bein' married an' o' the woman a-bein' pizened an' them acussin' you."

"Are they after me?"

"Yes; I come to tell ye so," he answered. "Them cussed hounds will come, sure as the world, an' now we got ter git away from here, ur thar'll be trouble."

"Tom, you must go away, and not get into trouble over me," she said. "I am the worst enemy my friends have. All who have ever given me a kind thought have suffered for it."

"Misses Redgrave, don't ye be wastin' any time talkin' ter me, I'd ruther be strung up to the tallest sycamore in old Kaintucky, than ter see them fellers git their hands on ye. Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes, but"——

"Listen!"

There came the clatter of hoofs from down the road.

"There they come," said Tom. "Quick, the ladder!"

The ladder was on the opposite side of the house from the front gate, and they had time to climb down before the detectives reached the front door.

"Slip around behind the smoke-house," Tom whispered, "while I carry this ladder away. I'll jine ye thar in a minute."

The detective at the front door continued to hurry up the farmer, until he opened the door and in a voice of bewilderment asked:

"What in the world do ye want?"

"Have you a young lady staying here?" asked the officer, taking a step nearer to the door.

"Yes, we have a young woman as is teechin' th' destrict skule," said the farmer. "She's in bed asleep."

"Well, wake her."

"Wall, stranger can't oblege ye. Come in th' mornin'." The farmer made a move to shut the door in his face, but the strong detective thrust his form forward and kept the door open.

"Hold on, sir; hold on. You don't know who you are shutting out. I am an officer of the law. I have a warrant sworn out by one of your magistrates for the arrest of this young woman. I have been deputized to serve it."

The dumbfounded farmed gazed at him for a moment in utter amazement, and gasped:

"A warrant—a warrant for her arrest? Why what fur? What's she done?"

Lowering his voice to an awful whisper the detective said: "It's murder."

"It's a lie!" cried the farmer.

"Don't speak too hasty, my good man; I know what I'm talking about."

The farmer finding it useless to try to get rid of his unwelcome visitor, lit a candle and told him to sit down. The detective took a seat near the door and waited for the farmer to send his wife up to Miss Benton's room. All this took time. At last the farmer's wife came back and said she wasn't in her room.

"Not in her room?" cried the detective, leaping from his chair. "She must be in the house. We have it surrounded, and we will have to search it."

It was useless for the farmer and his wife to object. The detective searched the house from cellar to attic, but all to no purpose. The nest was there nice and warm, but the bird had flown. When the detective had satisfied himself that the fugitive was not in the house, he turned, and fixing his eyes on the farmer asked: "Where is she?"

"I dun know."

"That accursed fellow who came so nearly knocking my brains out, came here and took her away, I'll bet."

They went to their horses, mounted and rode slowly away to some trees, where they halted to consider what course they would pursue, and to watch the house.

Tom Turner, having taken the ladder away from the house so as to remove all suspicion, went to Malina. "Come," he whispered."

Slowly, silently and cautiously down the path and through the rear gate into an orchard they went, then crossing a field they entered a wood. Two miles through the wood brought them to one of those narrow, deep streams which abound in the country. Here they found a skiff tied up to the shore. Tom quickly untied it, and motioning Malina to take a seat in the stern sprang in and seized the oars.

"Tom, where are you going?" she asked.

"I am gwine till I find a place whar ye'll be safe."

"Where will that be?"

"Ohio, may be, an' may be Canada," said Tom. "Leastways, I ain't agwine ter stop until yer whar them dogs won't git ye."

(To be continued.)

SMALL POST—FINE HALL.

Example of What Energy and Enthusiasm Can Do Even in a Field That is Limited.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The new hall recently completed at Leslie, Mich., by Dewey Post, 60, Department of Michigan, G. A. R., was publicly dedicated Nov. 19, with appropriate and very interesting exercises, in the presence of an audience that filled the hall, among whom were members of Posts from Jackson, Mason, Lansing and other places. Department Commander Vanvaalte, of Holland, made the dedicatory address and Department Chaplain Wm. Putnam offered the dedicatory prayer. Addresses were made by Department Inspector Chase and others, interspersed with fine singing, orchestral music and patriotic solos by Ass't Adj't-Gen. Wyckoff.

The hall is a handsome stone structure, one story, with basement for dining room and kitchen, finely arranged and equipped for entertainments.

The hall will seat about 200, though the Post numbers but about 50 members. It cost, finished and equipped, $3,670. The most of this was contributed by the members of the Post and by citizens; some by friends in Detroit, Jackson, Lansing, Toledo, O.; Chicago and Marysville, Cal. The Woman's Relief Corps of Leslie, of course fully did their part, especially in furnishing stoves and culinary outfits, lights, etc.

In connection with the hall is to be a public library, to which on the day of dedication Comrade T. E. Potter, of Lansing, contributed a $10 copy of "The U. S. Army and Navy," a set of Theodore Roosevelt's writings, in 14 volumes, and The National Tribune, prepaid for 25 years, besides $10 in gold towards the hall fund.

This fine hall had its inception in a proposition to build a soldiers' monument in Leslie, for which $500 had been pledged, but at a public meeting held to discuss the question the present Commander of the Post, Comrade Willson, proposed that instead of a monument they build a hall for the use of the Post, W. R. C., and Sons of Veterans, and when they were all done with it to let it revert to the Township or Village for a Public Library. This most sensible proposition was adopted and entered upon eight months ago. A generous comrade of the Post, A. J. Raynor, gave the lot, and in the hands of an efficient committee the work was rapidly and successfully carried to completion; a noble example of public spirit in a small town, and a stimulus for others to do likewise.—WM. PUTNAM, Department Chaplain.

A Soldier's Son.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Although I was only eight years old when the civil war closed, I remember seeing my father in uniform, carrying knapsack, box and gun. He was a Sergeant in Co. C, 11th W. Va. Unusual dangers encompassed many homes of loyal West Virginians. Often their nearest neighbors were rebels—relentless foes. Three times our house was robbed by them, and upon one occasion they captured my father, who escaped, however, notwithstanding four shots were fired at him.

I am pardonably proud of my father's record. He was at Kernstown, Winchester, Cedar Creek, Lynchburg, Petersburg and Appomattox. I cannot recount all the battles in which he was engaged. The Captain, First Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant and First Sergeant of his company are still living. My father is dead, but his surviving comrades say that he performed every duty with commendable fortitude and courage.

While my father was in the army my mother had many troubles. In caring for her helpless children she endured innumerable privations. The first "store hat" my mother bought for me was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." I wore it for years. Finally, the band came off and the old chapeau went to seed, assuming the shape of a hornet's nest. I shall never forget that crimson hat. At sight of it the lordly turkey gobbler invariably and instantaneously became belligerent.

I was first to greet my father when he returned home. Watching for him, I saw him afar. That was a happy day in our humble home.

I now have a family of my own and we greatly enjoy reading The National Tribune, especially the story of Si and Shorty.—T. C. HARDMAN, Moundsville, W. Va.

Soldiers and Sailors' Death Benefit Association.

The Soldiers and Sailors' Death Benefit Association at Hastings, Mich., elected W. F. Hicks, President; E. H. Lathrop, M. D., Secretary; W. H. Goodyear, Treasurer. The report exhibits 19 deaths last year, and $950 paid to families of deceased members. In two years there were 30 deaths, the disbursements aggregating $1,500.

PENSION BILLS BEFORE CONGRESS.

Provisions of the Several Bills Thus Far Introduced.

The following general pension bills have been printed since our preceding list was published:

SENATE BILLS.

Proctor (Vt.)—To increase pensions of Army Nurses to $20 a month. [Senate Bill 2326.]

Burrows (Mich.)—Provides for payment from accrued pension of deceased soldier; pension agent's fee not to exceed $10. [Senate Bill 2733.]

Clark (Wyo.)—For Mr. Clapp (Minn.)—To extend benefit of pension laws to participants in battles of New Ulm and Fort Ridgely in Sioux War in Minnesota. [Senate Bill 2515.]

HOUSE BILLS.

Bartholdt (Mo.)—To extend pension laws to benefit officers and soldiers of enrolled State Militia, six months men in State service, and Provisional Companies, Missouri State Militia. [H. R. 111.]

Moon (Tenn.) "by request"—To extend pension benefits to all who actually served under arms in the civil war in the U. S. armies, whether as Home Guards, State Militia, or otherwise. [H. R. 1190.]

Hughes (W. Va.)—To allow pensions to West Virginia State troops cooperating with Union forces; provides that certificate of Adjutant-General of the State, showing enlistment and muster-out shall be accepted in lieu of discharge. Provides that service in rebel army shall not bar pension if applicant voluntarily served in the Union army after having served with the enemy. [H. R. 2492.]

Kehoe (Ky.)—To allow pensions to Kentucky State Militia and Provisional Kentucky Militia, organized to defend the Union. [H. R. 2514.]

Morrell (Pa.)—To allow pensions to telegraph operators who served the Union. [H. R. 2895.]

Burnett (Ala.)—To allow pensions to companies of scouts and guides in civil war, under Capts. John B. Kennamer, John W. Dickey and H. J. Springfield, in Alabama. [H. R. 3643.]

Clark (Mo.)—To allow pensions to members and heirs of Fagg's 5th Regiment, Pike Co. (Mo.) Militia. [H. R. 3659.]

Lamar (Mo.)—Extends benefit of pension laws to all State and provisional Missouri organizations that served in defense of the Union. [H. R. 5510.]

Scott (Kan.)—To create traveling boards of Pension Medical Examiners, and 500 places for examinations; the boards to be constituted of 500 local Surgeons and 100 Surgeons recommended by the Civil Service Commission; to be assigned by the Department, at convenience. Bill goes into details as to service, fees, etc. [H. R. 5756.]

Gibson (Tenn.)—To pension widows of soldiers when such widow was the wife of such soldier for five years or more while he was actually in the service. Such pension to be $12 a month, from death of the soldier, during widowhood. [H. R. 5758.]

Dalzell (Pa.)—To pay to prisoners of war $2 for each day of detention in a rebel prison and also to pay a pension of $12 a month to all such former prisoners of war. [H. R. 5760.]

Smith, Wm. A. (Mich.)—To determine and fix necessary proof and procedure in applications for pensions; also prohibits reduction or discontinuance of pension except after notice and hearing; provides for Special Board of Examiners for Soldiers' Homes. [H. R. 5795.]

Same.—To increase pension of totally deaf of $40 a month. [H. R. 5798.]

Campbell (Kan.)—To increase pensions below $12 a month to $12, and those now $12 to $18 a month. [H. R. 5812.]

Same.—To pension ex-prisoners of war; those who were in captivity two months to be paid $12 a month; $1 to be added to the pension per month for each additional month of captivity; no such pension to exceed $30 a month. [H. R. 5813.]

Calderhead (Kan.)—To make pension for total disability for manual labor $30 a month. [H. R. 5815.]

Fuller (Ill.)—Service pension of $12 a month after attaining age of 60 years. [H. R. 5816.]

Van Voorhis (Ohio)—From Committee on Appropriations, Report No. 6—Making appropriations for payment of pensions for fiscal year ending June 30, 1905. Appropriates for payment of pensions $136,800,000; prescribes regulations for examining applicants. [H. R. 6758.]

Norris (Neb.)—Would make minimum pension $12 a month after July 1, 1904; such minimum monthly pension to increase $1 annually until 1912. [H. R. 6760.]

Pearre (Md.)—Service pension after attaining age of 62 years, $12 a month; like pension to widow of such soldier, if she was his wife, prior to June 27, 1890. Pension to go to minor or to helpless children if widow dies or remarries. [H. R. 6789.]

Fuller (Ill.)—Service pension of $12 a month after age of 62 years; and to the widows of such pensioners. [H. R. 6809.]

Wade (Iowa)—Provides that proof of public recognition as wife of deceased soldier shall be sufficient evidence for applicant that she is the widow of such soldier. [H. R. 7870.]

Curtis (Kan.)—Service pension of $12 a month; payable to widow; provides for readjudication of discontinued and reduced pensions since Jan. 7, 1892; provides for investigation into merits of claims and charges of fraud, with full opportunity for claimant or pensioner to establish his case or meet and rebut allegations adverse; provides what shall be sufficient proof; prescribes practice; declares acceptance for military service proof of soundness when enlisted; that in cases of doubt the presumption shall be in favor of claimant. [H. R. 7873.]

Others Got the Prisoners, But a 55th Pa. Comrade Thinks His Regiment Should Have the Credit.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: We of First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, Army of the James, left our Winter quarters, near Chapin Farm, north of James River, and marched to Hotchkiss's Run and relieved some of the Fifth and Sixth Corps about the 28th of March. There I was put on picket to the morning of March 31, then relieved, but our picket line was advanced, and we that relieved in the morning had to go out as reserves and in the evening were distributed along the picket line.

That night we had a heavy rain, but the morning of April 1 the sun shone bright and showed me that we were in a large, open field, not 100 yards from the rebel line.

There was no firing, and both us and the rebels stood up and walked around, trying to get dry.

Both sides had strong lines of pickets. Sometimes in the morning firing commenced on our left and gradually drew nearer until it got through the woods, when out whole line, a full quarter mile long, charged and took the rebel line to the right of my regiment, when rebel line ran crooked, and we got it no farther. We or our regiment only chased our prisoners to the rear and held the captured line. Some other regiments gathered the prisoners and got the credit; among those regiments was the 148th N. Y. I know we took every man in our front, but got no credit. There were as many as six in a pit.

The rebels opened on us with grape and canister. Our only protection was their water filled pits, into which we went. We were reinforced by colored troops of the Twenty-fifth Corps. A few of them got in my pit, and one of them was killed at my side.—JOHN A. MATTHEWS, Co. B, 55th Pa., Womelsdorf, Pa.

FRANKLIN IN THE NIGHT.

Intense Account of Comrade Pennock's Personal Part in That Conflict.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It is not often that letters appear in your columns from the 72d Ill. I saw one in February, 1901, from Comrade S. N. Munger that was a correct history of our part at Franklin. The 72d always obeyed orders, and never talked back.

We arrived at Franklin about sunrise and filed to the left of the pike, the regiment extending west, into the locust grove. We stacked arms to get something to eat.

The 44th Mo. filed in as we had, but three or four rods to our rear, forming the second line. The 44th did splendid work with their repeating rifles when their turn came.

My company (G) tore down an old log barn and used the logs for breastworks. We dug a ditch on the outside and put the dirt over to support the logs; worked all day; only had time for a little lunch in the evening, when we had orders to fall in, load our guns and place knapsacks in line in our rear, and Col. Stockton told us to hold this line of works at all hazards.

Just after sundown Hood's army came like a cyclone! Came and crossed guns with us. Then it was a hard tussle to see who should conquer! They got six or eight of my company as prisoners, to the left and right of me. They took First Lieut. (Co. D) Beegle at the pike; and Second Lieut. Stokes was killed. Serg't J. Jackson was taken prisoner at the foot of the company. My position was near the center of the company, and I gave them three shots and then I had to use the bayonet the best I could. It was a pretty tight place to be. My beard and eyebrows and eyelashes were singed quite badly.

When the rebels fell back the first time and the smoke lifted so that I could see, I looked around and could not see a living man between the two lines of works; and I thought it was time for me to get out. I had not heard any word to fall back, but I started for the rear line of works without any orders. Before I reached the rear line the rebs came again, and the bullets whistled by my ears very lively. I did not wish to be shot in the back, and I hurried up and stepped up on the low breastwork, and could not see any place for me in the line. A couple of the Missouri boys moved back a little, and I lost no time in getting down in front of them, behind the breastwork, and I got to work as quick as I could. I don't suppose that they objected to me taking a position in their front. We all did the best we could; standing on one knee and one foot.

I held that position until the battle was over for the night. The ammunition was piled down so as to be handy. The Missouri boys would fill their magazines and then say to me, "Hold on, and let us do some shooting!" and they would lay their guns over my shoulder and empty their magazines and then draw back and let me go to work again. Their flag bearer was close to my right, holding the flag on the breastworks, and on the third or fourth charge by the rebels he was shot in the forehead and fell over against me, and left a streak of blood from waist to bottom of my trousers. His comrades carried him back, and one of them took the flag and held it up in the same place until the battle was over for the night.

Just after Hood's last charge I noticed a movement of men toward the pike road, and supposed there was a call for more help below the pike or to fill a gap on that side of the road. Men went by me in squads of six, eight, or ten, and at times a whole company. I had not heard any orders to fall back, and made no move toward the rear. As the last squad passed me, one of them stopped and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You stay here a while to keep up an appearance;" I looked up and saw he was an officer, but I did not know whether he belonged to our regiment or not, and I didn't care. I showed him my pile of ammunition and said: "Do you see that?" "Yes," he said, and I told him I could hold Hood until morning. "Bully for you!" he said, and passed on; and that was the last man I saw, I think, for over an hour. It seemed to me to be two hours! I was there alone, with gun loaded and finger on trigger, ready for any move, but Hood did not come, and I began to think that something was wrong, and was going to investigate. I could hear nothing; except groans of the wounded till I heard some one coming down the line from the west. I made ready for action; but he did not wait for a shot. He called my name, and I knew his voice. It was Frank Quinn, of Co. G, and he said: "It is time to get out of here." We started in a hurry for the river, and stumbled over Andy Masengale, of Co. G, and got him waked up and got to the river in time to get on the pontoon just as the ropes were cut and the pontoon was swinging down stream. Then, for the first time that night, I felt safe, so far as Hood's army was concerned; but I was awful hungry.

We came to a regiment drawing rations on both sides of the road. I asked what troops? "Pennsylvania," they said. I said: "Do you know where the 72d Ill. is?" "Up the road one or two miles." I told them I wanted some hardtack. They said: "We can not issue rations to you." I told them I did not care what they could not do; I knew what they could do, and I held my haversack open and they filled it half full of hardtack, and we ate them as we trudged along. We overtook the regiment, or what was left of it. They had their arms stacked and were resting. Then I found how many we had lost. The Colonel and the Major were missing; Lieut. Beegle and Lieut. Stokes both were missing; our Orderly-Sergeant had command of the company, and Capt. Sexton had command of the regiment. Our company lost many fine men, killed and taken prisoners.

Now, comrades, will you tell me which requires the most courage—to plant a flag on some fort or breastworks, with a whole army in one's rear to support him; or to be left alone one or two hours to face a whole army in a night's battle? I have not asked for a Medal of Honor, nor expect one. I think Hood was pretty roughly handled that night.—JOHN PANNOCK, Co. G, 72d Ill., Walsh Station, Cal.

A VETERAN SON OF A VETERAN.

Tells of El Caney, San Juan Hill, and Santiago de Cuba.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: My father was in the 9th Ind. Cav. in the war for the Union, and was wounded in both legs at Sulphur, Ala.

In the war in Cuba I did some fighting, mostly under Gen. Lawton. I enlisted June 22, 1895, in the 4th U. S. Inf., with which I served on the plains against Indians, mostly, till 1897, when we removed to Chicago and in May to Tampa.

June 7, 1898, we left on transports for Cuba, landing at Dignise, about 20 miles from Santiago de Cuba, June 21. That evening we marched among the hills, with pickets and scouts carefully preceding and flanking us. We waded streams several times—sometimes to our belts, sometimes to our whiskers. On our way we saw the Rough Riders—at a place where the enemy had fired on them with a dynamite gun, killing 13 of them.

The greatest fight for the infantry in Cuba was El Caney. We opened July 1, at sunrise, and kept it up till 7 p. m. We had a hard time of it cutting our way through barbed-wire fences to get into firing range.

I was a sharpshooter, being good with a gun. The Spanish gave us a fight for our life at El Caney; but when Capt. Grimes opened on them with his artillery they couldn't stand much of that.

We advanced on San Juan Hill, where we fought one of the hardest battles on record. The artillery did grand work there. We had to advance by rushes every time the battery discharged.

After San Juan Hill till surrender of Santiago de Cuba, July 17, our company supported artillery. We had everything around Santiago de Cuba under bomb-proof cover, and were intrenched close to the town. The navy did fine work there, too.

We were glad when Torrel surrendered. The 4th and the 9th U. S. Inf. have the honor of being the only two regiments present at that surrender.

We left Santiago de Cuba Aug. 4 and landed at Montauk Point, L. I., glad to see the United States again. We left with 750 men and returned with 250, nearly all of whom were sick and had to be assisted off the transport. Our time had expired while we were at sea, in front of the enemy, in June, and we were there and then discharged from service, but immediately re-enlisted. When we reached the United States I was given sick furlough and came home, but was unable to report for duty when my furlough expired, and the War Department ordered my discharge for disability.

The American soldier is the greatest fighter on earth, by land or sea. I have seen him fight some myself.—HERVEY I. NAY, Co. B, 4th U. S. Inf., Kingston, Wash.

The Itch Fiend

That is Salt Rheum or Eczema,—one of the outward manifestations of scrofula.

It comes in itching, burning, oozing, drying, and scaling patches, on the face, head, hands, legs or body.

It cannot be cured by outward applications,—the blood must be rid of the impurity to which it is due.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has cured the most persistent and difficult cases. Accept no substitute for Hood's; no substitute acts like it.

The Talismanic Button.

In March, 1894, a party of Engineers were surveying a branch of the New York Central Railroad. Near a mountain stream they found the dead body of an old, decrepit man, who had doubtless perished there, helpless and alone, in the cold and darkness of Winter. The body was buried where found, it being too much decomposed for removal. An unknown writer thus describes the scene:

"All heads were bared and bowed, and in the absence of priest or hymn, with the gathering gloom of approaching night surrounding them, this most solemn ceremony of his burial in the bleak and lonely glen was consummated, and with reverential feelings they turned away, leaving him there in the darkness, but taking with them a discovered button of the the Grand Army of the Republic, found upon the lapel of his coat, the only mark of evidence of his past found in their examination of the lonely dead—an unknown, indeed.

"Upon the 30th of May following, the writer having business near the spot, placed over that lonely grave the stars and stripes and a few wild flowers found growing near; knowing that the same kind act was that day being repeated at the last resting place of a brother, in a distant State, whose life went out at Cold Harbor, but whose remains fortunately were at last laid away beside his kind in the cemetery at home.

"I am told that the 30th of May has never passed since that time but that some hand has thoughtfully placed a flag upon that crumbling mound, even though it covers an 'unknown,' all because of regard for that tiny object—a button of the G. A. R."

From Generation to Generation.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have read with interest the account in your valuable paper of the capture of my son, Earl Erichson, at the attack on the Weldon Railroad, Va., and of his death, two weeks after his liberation and return to his home, from the effects of his imprisonment, for more than six months.

I greatly appreciate your kindly notice of one who died so young, in the service of his country, as an enlisted soldier, and feel pride in having myself served as a private with him, in the 4th N. Y. H. A., until honorably discharged; and also in having two other sons, surviving, who served during the war—M. Bright Erichson, in the 29th Pa., and Henry T. Erichson, in the 75th Pa., both from this city.

An older brother of mine saw service in the Seminole War in Florida, in 1839, and also served as a private in the 8th N. J.; was in the battle of Williamsburg, Va., in 1862, and died in hospital at Yorktown in the same year, from fever and exposure.

My father, Christian Erichson, took part in the war of 1812, having been commander of a gun-boat on Delaware Bay, at the Breakwater, and also had command of light ships on the coast, for which he was well equipped from his experience as Master of the merchantman John Buckley and the Amiable, sailing between this city and Liverpool.

He was afterward Warden of this port, and was a contemporary of Stephen Girard.

My son, Earl, was a prisoner in Salisbury, N. C., and suffered from want and exposure.

I am a member of Winfield Scott Post, 114, G. A. R., Philadelphia. I have been a reader of The National Tribune for years, and always take occasion to recommend it for its excellent reading. I am now in my 85th year.

I favor the service pension, though I can derive no personal benefit from it, as I am already in receipt of $12; but would like to see all honorably discharged soldiers receive a like amount. Yours is the chief newspaper that is a friend of the old soldiers, and I want to see you prosper—and permit me to add, God bless The National Tribune.—JAMES S. ERICHSON, 4th N. Y. H. A., 1714 North 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Executions at Front Royal.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of Oct. 8, 1903, I see a report of the execution at Front Royal, as witnessed by Comrade H. Gardner. As no two can see any action the same way, so it is with him and me. In the Fall of 1864 the cavalry was moving in the direction of Front Royal on the Manassas Gap road, with the 5th U. S. Cav. in advance. In front of them, from a quarter to a half mile, were two army wagons, one ambulance with a wounded officer in it, with a small guard; and just where the road made a sharp curve and began ascent of the hill, to the village of Front Royal, guerrillas were stationed and pounced down upon the wagons and ambulance, captured the vehicles and some of the guard, cut the mules loose, and, I understood at the time, killed the wounded officer before the regiment knew about it.

We were ordered to charge, which we did in the face of a brisk fire. The guerrillas began to retreat.

To reach the woods they had to cross a wide bottom, and we captured five guerrillas and one young man who had been at home on furlough from the Confederate army, who was out with them.

One of our men, Murphy, who had been guarding the wagons, was captured by them and when they were pressed so closely they took out his pistol and shot at him, but only cut the rim of his ear.

The six prisoners were turned over to Gen. Custer.

When the mother and sister of the young man on furlough found that he had been captured, they began to plead with the General for a reprieve, which he granted, but before the order reached its destination the young man was shot.

Two were hanged on a walnut tree, on the hill where they charged on the wagons; the other four were permitted to run the gantlet, and were shot. I was not present to see them shot or hung, but Serg't Timothy Casey, of Co. D, 5th U. S. Cav., was, and we passed back there the next day, and the two men were still hanging.

The execution was, as Comrade Gardner says, in retaliation for the butchery of Union soldiers near Berryville, and killing the officer in the ambulance.

I also remember the Laurel Brigade, commanded by Rosser, who came down the Valley, Oct. 8, 1864, to drive Sheridan out; but Philip was not easy to drive, but he would sometimes follow very briskly. So it was then; Rosser did not drive, but did lead him. Oct. 9 Sheridan followed him so fast that Rosser could not keep out of the way with his artillery and wagons, and Sheridan took them off his troubled hands—guns, wagons, ambulances—and a good many prisoners. I have a rebel saber belt that was got out of one of his abandoned wagons. That was called the Woodstock Races.—WM. K. HAMPTON, Co. D, 5th U. S. Cav., Cove Dale, Ky.